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The battell of Bodwell-bridge,

OR, The KINGS CAVILEERS TRIVMPH.

To be sung with a pleasant New Tune.

(102)

HEarken and take heed, I will tell you a thing, They dang down the *Whigs-men* & gave them a char
How that the *Whigs* soldiers all did conven; From the place of the *Battell of Bodwell*.

From *Irwin* to *Air*, to *Glasgow* they came,
And marched like men in good order;

They marched throw *Glasgow* wi h pipe & with drum
The gallant brave Soldiers they kept their ground

Thinking the *Kings Cavileers* for to Gainstand,
When they came to the *Battell of Bodwell*.

They marched by day, so did they by night,
And their *Master Welsh*, he led them full right,
Of the *Bodwell-Bridge* they got a full fight,
And planted their tents on the border.

On *Sunday* at morne when *Phebus* did rise,
The *Whigs* thought the *Cavileers* for to surprise,
But ere they wist well they wakned them thrice,
When they came to the *Battell of Bodwell*.

That false *Rebell Welsh*, a *Chifitan* not good,
Where into his cause there was spilt mickle blond,
But yet the *Kings Cavileers* lited their weed,
When they came to the *Battell of Bodwell*.

They came to the *Bridge* without a gainstand,
Our noble *Kings-Reed Coats* lay ready at hand;
Their false *Chifitan* left them to flee or to stand,
When they came to the *Battell of Bodwell*.

There was the *Duke-Monmoth* and *Generall-Deyell*,
With *Canons* and *Muskets* the *Whigs* for to fell,
The filly poor *Whigs* got many a knell,
When they came to the *Battell of Bodwell*.

The Second Part, To the same Tune.

To the *Bodwell Bridge*, these *Conventicles* yed,
Our noble *Kings Cavileers* came with good speed,
They hew'd down the *Whigs-men*, and spilt mickle
At the place of the *Battell of Bodwell*. (blond)

And when the *Whigs* *Canons* began for to style,
They thought the brim battell to win by a wyle,
But ere they wist well, they got a beguile,
At the place of the *Battell of Bodwell*.

Our noble good *Chifitan* brave *Generall-Deyell*,
Commanded his men on their faces to fall.
The *Reed-Coats* escaped the *Whigs* Cannon ball,
At the place of the *Battell of Bodwell*.

The stout *English Cavileers* of great renown,
They stiled their *Canons* the *Whigs* to ding down,
The filly poor *Whigs* got many a wound,
When they came to the *Battell of Bodwell*.

Their was not a man slain on our side at all,
But only two men with the *Whigs* Cannon ball,
And for these two men two thousand did fall,
At the place of the *Battell of Bodwell*.

The good *Earle of Lighthow*, and brave *Earle of Marr*
Themselves & their *Regements* like brave men of warr

The good *Earle of Athol* and gallant *Montrose*,
They pull'd the *Whigs-Pirweeps* over their nose,
Their *Captains* and *Chiftans* did sleep in their nose,
When they came to the *Battell of Bodwell*.

The good *Captan Clavers*, with his good *Draguns*,
He scattered the *Whigs* through the south Countrey
He gave them many sore deadly wounds, (bounds,
When they came to the *Battell of Bodwell*.

And when the *Whigs* sojors began for to flee,
The good *Captain Clavers* after them would be,
And no man with him but his own Companie;
When they ran from the *Battell of Bodwell*.

But the good *Duke Monmoth* would not let them gang,
For fear that the *Whigs* had done them much wrong,
The *Whigs* they were scattered through all the land,
When they ran from the *Battell of Bodwell*.

The good *Earle of Marischall* both valiant & keeⁿ
He gathered his *Regement* at *New Aberdeen*,
But ere he wist well the fighting was done,
At the place of the *Battell of Bodwell*.

The good *Earle of Aboyne*, without all delay,
He gathered his *Regements* and so went away,
With all his brave *Trowpers* in *Battell* array,
For to fight at the *Battell of Bodwell*.

A gallant *Hors-Randevouze* their did conven,
Of *Nobles* and *Gentles* at *New-Aberdeen*;
But ere they wist well the fighting was done,
At the place of the *Battell of Bodwell*.

The stout *Earle of Erroll* of good great renown,
He drew up his *Regement* at *Aberdeen's Town*,
But ere they wist well the fighting was done,
At the place of the *Battell of Bodwell*.

The good *Laird of Grant*, with his brave men of wear
Like gallant brave *Trowpers* well drest in their gear
They went to the *Whigs* without any fear,
For to fight at the *Battell of Bodwell*.

They marched throw *Brichen* with loud trüpet sound
Like gallant brave *Troupers* they kept their ground
But ere they wist well the fighting was done,
At the place of the *Battell of Bodwell*.

Both he and *Lord Duffus* came in by *Whyte stane*,
Lord Duffus had footmen both valiant and keen;
But ere they wist well the fighting was done,
At the place of the *Battell of Bodwell*.

Of all these good *Chiftans* I'll now make an end,
Hoping all good *Christians* not to offend,
I wish never such fighting be seen in this land,
As was the brim *Battell of Bodwell*.

FINIS.